Will do among the foming bottles and ale waſht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you muſt learne
To know ſuch ſlaunders of this age,
Or elſe you may maruellouſly be miſtooke.
Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time ſhall ſerue,
I ſhall tell him a litle of my deſires: here comes his Maieſtie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloſter *and others.*

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie,
There is excellent ſeruice at the bridge.
King. What men haue you loſt *Flewellen*?
Flew. And it ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie,
The partition of the aduerſarie hath bene great,
Very reaſonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue loſt neuer a man, vnleſſe it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maieſtie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his noſe
Like a cole, ſometimes red, ſometimes plew:
But god be praiſed, now his noſe is executed, & his fire out.
King. We would haue all offenders ſo cut off,
And we here giue expreſſe commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abuſed,
Or abraided with diſdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentleſt gameſter is the ſooner winner.

Enter French Herauld.

Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what ſhuld we know of thee?
Hera. My maiſters minde.
King. Vnfold it.
Heral. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better ſouldier then raſhneſſe:

Altho

Altho we did ſeeme dead, we did but ſlumber.
Now we ſpeake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,
England ſhall repent her folly: ſee her raſhneſſe,
And admire our ſufferance. Which to raunſome,
His pettineſſe would bow vnder:
For the effuſion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the diſgrace we haue borne, himſelfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthleſſe ſatiſfaction.
To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my maiſter.
King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou doſt thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not ſeeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*: for to ſay the ſooth,
Though tis no wiſdome to confeſſe ſo much
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My ſouldiers are with ſickneſſe much infeebled,
My Army leſſoned, and thoſe fewe I haue,
Almoſt no better then ſo many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of Engliſh legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
I muſt repent, go tell thy maiſter here I am,
My raunſome is this frayle and worthleſſe body,
My Army but a weake and ſickly guarde,
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and ſuch an other neighbour ſtood in our way:
If we may paſſe, we will: if we be hindered,
We ſhal your tawny ground with your red blood diſcolour.
So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The ſum of all our anſwere is but this,
We would not ſeeke a battle as we are:

Nor